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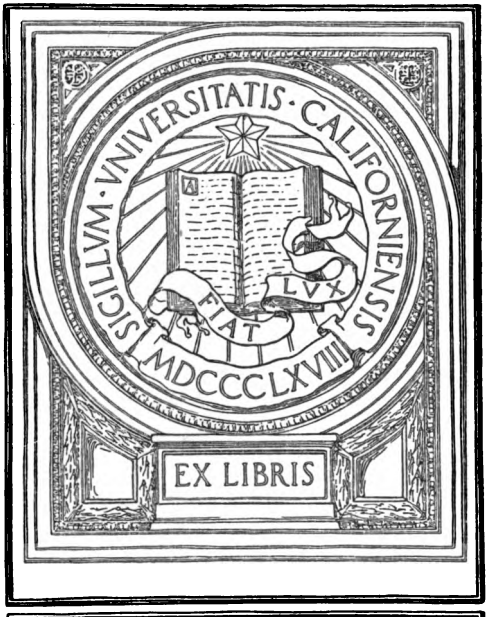

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ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. 2.)

Pimlyco, or, Runne Red-Cap.

1609.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,

WITH A PREFACE BY

A. H. BULLEN.

OXFORD:

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1891.

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ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. 2.)

Pimlyco, or, Runne Red-Cap.

TIS A MAD WORLD AT HOGSDON.

1609.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE

BY

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,

WITH A PREFACE

BY

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

OXFORD:

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PREFACE.

HOGSDON, or HOXTON, a not very cheerful quarter of the town to-day, was formerly a favourite resort of holiday-makers. It was noted for cakes, custards, and "Pimlico" ale.

The origin of the name "Pimlico" has been discussed from time to time in *Notes and Queries*, but more light is still needed. It is usually stated that a person named Pimlico kept a place of entertainment at Hoxton, and that the place was afterwards called by his name. In the first volume of the first series of *Notes and Queries* Edward F. Rimbault quoted from *Newes from Hogsdon*, 1598,—"Have at thee [*sic*] then, my merrie boyes, and hey for old Ben Pimlico's nut browne." I have never seen the *Newes* (which Rimbault described as unique); and I should have been inclined to regard the quotation as spurious if Rimbault had not expressly stated that he wrote with the tract before him. In early seventeenth century plays there are many references to the place Pimlico, and to Pimlico ales; but I cannot recall any mention of Ben Pimlico.

On 15th April 1609 "a book called *Pimlico or Runne Red Capp* tis a mad world at *Hogsden*" was

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entered by the publisher John Busby in the Stationers' Register (Arber's *Transcript*); and on 24th April the same publisher entered "a ballad called *Haue with you to Pimlico.*" Both the book and the ballad were transferred on 3rd May to William Barley. The ballad may be extant, but I have never seen it; the "book" is here reproduced, among our *Antient Drolleries*, for the amusement of curious readers.

The anonymous writer describes with much gusto how people of every degree flocked to Hogsden to drink the Pimlico ales. Play-goers deserted the Fortune and the Bull for the attractions of Pimlico:—

> "Each afternoone thy House being full,
> Makes Fortune blind, or Gelds The Bull." (SIG. D. 2.)

In 1609, when our tract appeared, Pimlico seems to have reached the height of its prosperity; for in 1610 Ben Jonson, in *The Alchemist* (v. 1), speaks of its notoriety as a thing of the past:—

> "Gallants, men and women,
> And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
> In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
> In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright[1]."

But for many years afterwards, as we learn from the pages of Shirley, Jasper Mayne, Glapthorne, &c.,

[1] "Eyebright" is mentioned in our tract:—

> "Eyebright, (so fam'd of late for Beere)
> Although thy Name be numbred heere,
> Thine ancient Honors now runne low;
> Thou art struck blind by Pimlyco."

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Pimlico continued to be a place of entertainment. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (6th Series, 9, 296) quoted from *A New Dictionary of the Terms, Ancient and Modern, of the Canting Crew* (n. d., early eighteenth century),—"Pimlico.—A noted Cake-house formerly, but now converted into a Bowling-green of good repute at Hogsden near London." To this day the name is preserved in Pimlico Walk, a narrow alley leading from High Street, Hoxton, to the Church[1].

If I were in the mood for annotation, the little tract here reproduced would afford ample opportunities; but I refrain. In this short series of *Antient Drolleries* I propose to give mere reprints of quaint out-of-the-way tracts. The series will, I trust, be useful to those who are studying or editing Elizabethan Writers. Shakespearean editors may notice that the present tract testifies to the popularity of *Pericles* (printed in the same year, 1609):—

> "(As at a New-play) all the Roomes
> Did swarme with Gentiles mix'd with Groomes.
> So that I truly thought, all These
> Came to see *Shore*, or *Pericles*." (SIG. C.)

[1] The Pimlico in the West is of later date than Pimlico, Hoxton. Cunningham gives some extracts from the books of the overseers of the poor for St. Martin's in the Fields, dated 1626 to 1630; and these are said to supply the earliest notices of the Western Pimlico. There is a hamlet named Pimlico in Oxfordshire, and there is (or was) a Pimlico in Dublin. A small West Indian island bears the name; and in Barbadoes there was "a strange bird the Pemlico, which presageth storms."

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Shore is, I suppose, Heywood's *Edward IV.*

Pimlico is a rare tract. Our reprint is from the copy[1] in the Malone collection, Bodleian library. Malone's is the only copy that I know, but probably others are extant. There was a copy among the books that Robert Burton (Democritus Junior) bequeathed to the Bodleian, but it seems to have disappeared. I know not what became of Heber's copy.

169, *New Bond Street, London,*
14*th August*, 1891.

[1] I thought there would be no harm in reproducing the portrait of Elinour Rummin (which is bound up with Malone's copy) from the 1624 edition of Skelton's well-known poem.

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ELINOVR RVMMIN,

The famous Ale-wife of *England.*

Written by Mr. *Skelton*, Poet Laureat to King *Henry* the egiht

When Skelton *wore the Lawrell Crowne,*
My Ale put all the Ale-wiues downe.

LONDON

Printed for *Samuel Rand* 1624.

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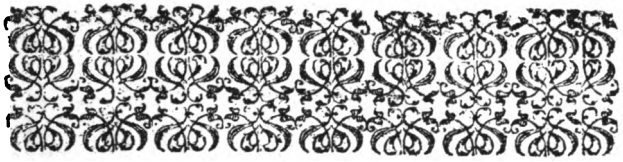

PIMLYCO.

Or,

Runne Red-Cap.

Tis a mad world at *Hogsdon*.

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At London,

¶ *Printed for Jo: Busbie, and Geo:* Loftis, and are to bee sould vnder St. *Peters Church in Cornehill. 1609.*

(**)

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Patrono Pimlyconico.

Facie Claro,
Facetijs Raro,
Thomæ Normano.

ALL hayle, (ô *Tom Norman*,)
I make thee, the *Foreman*
Of *Pimlyco* Iury:
You are chargde to enquire Sir,
What kindles that fire sir,
That burnes with such fury.
What fire doe you suppose sir?
Tis the fire of your *Nose* sir,
Which your *Face* beares about.
For (like to the fornace,
That glowes in the *Glasse-house*,)
It neuer goes out.
To keepe that hye *Colour*,
And make it looke fuller,
You shall die it in graine sir:
Of the *Pimlyco* Iuice,
If you get the right vse,
O how well will it staine sir.
I create you *Sole Patron*
Of the *Pimlyco Squadron*
choose therefore *Ale-cunners*.
That now against *Easter*,
(If you purpose to feast there)
may be your fore-runners:
Hoyst then vp your Sayle sir,
For rich *Pimlyco* Ale sir,
That cullors like *Roses*,
With your Copper *Seale*, marke sir,
All those that Embarke sir,
For *Pimlyco-Noses*.

Vade, Vale, Caue ne titubes.

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To all Trauellers.

Ou that weare out your liues and weary your bodies, in Discouery of strange Countries, *(beeit for pleasure or profite) Rig out a* Fleet, *and make a* Voiage *to an* Iland *which could neuer be found out by the* Portugals, Spaniards, *or* Hollanders, *but only (and that now of late) by* Englishmen. *The name of it is* Pimlyco, *Here haue I drawne a large* Map *of it: by this* Chart, *may you in a few houres, and with little or no winde, ariue in the very mouth of the* Hauen. *Some that haue trauelled thither, affirme it to be a part of the* Continent, *but the better sort of* Nauigators *say, it is an* Iland: *full of people it is, and they are very wilde, the women beeing able to endure more, and to doe better Seruice than the men. Diuers are of opinion, that it is an inchanted* Iland, *and haunted with strange* Spirits; *for the people there, once euery Moone, are either starke mad, or else loose their owne shapes, and are transformed into Beasts, yet within twelue houres, recouer their wittes and shapes againe. The* Pimlyconians *are most of them* Malt-men, *and exceeding good fellowes, all their delight beeing in* Eating *and* Drinking; *they liue not long, for a man can hardly stay amongest them two dayes: if he doe, he is in great danger, by reason of a certaine disease, (which the* Iland *naturally breedes) called the* Staggers, *through which, many of them come to their* Downe-fall, *or if they scape that, then are they in feare to be made away by* Small-shot, *in discharging of which, the* Pimlyconians *are very actiue and cunning.*

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To all Trauellers.

The Iland *begins now to be as rich as it is populous: fish hath bin sildome taken there, but flesh is better cheape then* Mackrell *here. Wilde* Duckes *and wilde* Geese *flie there vp and downe in aboundance: you may haue a* Goose sowc'd *in* Pimlyco, *for the value of twelue pence sterling. Woodcockes (in many moneths of the yeere) are to be catched there by whole dozens. It is full of fatte pasture, and thats the reason such multitudes of* young Colts *runne there.* A hot Climate *it is, and by that meanes the people are subiect to infection, which takes them first in the* Head, *and so falls downe into their legges, and those fayling, they are (in a maner) gone. The* Gouernour *of the* Iland *hath much adoe to* keepe himselfe vpright, *so that he is compelled to giue those that are vnder him, often times very* Hard measure, *yet are they so vnruly, that euery houre one or other goes to the* Pot,

Thus haue I giuen you a taste, both of the People and of the Countrie; *if you sayle thither, you may drinke of deeper knowledge: But take heed you take a skilfull* Pilot *with you; be fraighted with as much wit as you can carry aboord, for all will be little enough to bring you from thence, and take heede what* Lading *you take in there, for the commodities of* Pimlyco *haue suncke many* Merchants. *Pay thankes for my* Councell, *and thinke well of my* Pimlyconian Discouerie.

Farewell.

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Pimlyco.

TRees that of late (like wasted Heyres,
Or like old men, dryed vp with cares,)
Stood poorely, now looke fresh & greene.
As Banck-rupts new set vp agen.
Medowes that whilome barren lay,
(More naked than the trodden way,)
Weare garments now, wouen all of Flowers,
And waite on Flora in her Bowers,
Shepheards that durst not, (for the cold,)
The Snowie heads of Hills behold,
Now (deftly piping) from cole Fountaines,
Lead Lambes and Kiddes vp to the Mountaines.
The Day, when all Birdes hold their Weddings,
(Dauncing Loue-measures in soft Treddings,)
Is past: The Yeare did it resigne,
In honour of Saint Valentine.
And now his Fethered Couples sing,
Their Nuptiall Songs before the Spring.
The Vernall Gates are set wide open,
And strew'd with Flowers and Herbes, in token
That May (Loues Queene) is comming in,
Who 12. full Mones hath absent bin.
In this Swæt Season, from my bed,
I earely rose, being wakened
By'th beating of a Golden flame,
Which (to me) in at window came.
For from his Pallace in the East,
The King of Light in Purple drest,
(Yet thicke with Gold and precious Stone,
Which like a Rocke of Diamond shonne,)

Description of the Spring.

Description of the Sun-rising.

Pimlyco.

Was drawne along heav'ns Siluer way.
By the 4. Horses of the Day.
And as the Chariot mounted higher,
The Sun-god seem'd to ride in fire,
Forth came he in this brane adorning.
To court his Lone (the Rosie Morning.)
The Chaines of Pearle about her necke,
He tooke from her himselfe to decke,
They were her fauours and he wore them
Till night, and did agen restore them.
The wonders (of vn-valued worth,)
Which these two wrought, intic'd mee forth;
Weary with walking, downe I threw
My bodie, on a bancke where grew
The pretty Dazie, (Eye of Day,)
The Prime-Rose which does first display
Her youthfull colours, and first dies;
,, Beautie and Death are Enemies.
Cowslips sprung likewise here and there,
Each blade of grasse (stiffe as a Speare)
Standing vpright to guard the Flowers,
As if they had bean their Paramoures,
Anon a Yonker and his Lasse,
Pight I see wrastling on the Grasse,
Shee swore shee would not fall, and yet
Shee fell, and did a Greene-Gowne get,
(A Greene-gowne, but no Gowne of Greene.)
At length (in Couples) more were seene:
Some ran, some walked, and some sat kissing.
Nothing was lost, but what was missing
So close they ioyne in their Delights,
That they all seem'd Hermaphrodites,
Or rather Mermaides on the land,
Because the Shees had th'vpper hand.
They grac'd the fields, the fields them grac'e,
For tho none were in order plac'de,
But sat (as Flowers in Gardens grow)
Chinly, which makes the braver show.

Yet

Yet (like so many in one Roome,)
All seem'd to weaue within a loome,
Some curious piece whose beautie stands,
on the rare Skill of sundry hands.
As thus they sat, and I them saw,
A Frame (as rare) mine eies did draw
(With wonder) to behold a farre.
The brightnes of the Kingdomes* Starre;
A thousand Steeples, Turrets, Towers,
(Lodgings, all fit for Emperours,)
Lifted their proud heads ouer the Skie,
As if they had sole Soueraigntie,
Ore all the Buildings in the Land,
And seem'd on Hilles of Gould to stand,
For the Suns Beames on them being shed,
They shewed like Mynes new burnished.
Upon the Left hand and the Right,
Two* Townes (like Citties) fed the Sight,
With pleasure and with admiration,
For (as they stand) they beare proportion,
As to an Armie doe the Wings,
(The maine Battalion led by Kings.)
Mine eye his obiects could not vary,
Yet tooke delight here still to tarry,
But not knowing how to weare out time,
By chance I found a Booke in Ryme,
Writ in an age when few wrot well,
(Pans Pipe (where none is) does excell.)
O learned Gower! It was not thine,
Nor Chaucer, (thou art more Diuine.)
No Lydgates graue I should do wrong,
To call him vp by such a Song.
No, It was One, that (boue his Fate,)
Would be Styl'd Poet Laureate;
Much like to Some in these our daies,
That (as bold Prologues do to Playes,)
With Garlonds haue their Fore-heads bound,
Yet onely empty Sculles are crowned:

* London.

* Islington, & Hogsdon.

Skelton.

Or like to these (seeing others bye)
Will sit so, tho their Scate they buy,
And fill it vp with loathed Scorne,
Fit Burdens being by them not borne,
But seeing their Trappings rich and gay,
The Sumpter-Horses trudge away,
Sweating themselues to death to beare them,
When poore Iades (drawing the Plough) outweare (them.
But all this while we haue forgot
Our Poet: tho I nam'de him not,
But only should his Rymes recite,
These (all would cry) did Skelton write.
I tournde some leaues and red them o're,
And at last spyed his Elynor,
His Elynor, whose fame sprad saile,
All England through for Nappy Ale.
Elynor Rumming warmde his wit
With Ale, and his Rimes paide for it.
But seeing thou takst the Laureats name
(Skelton) I iustly thée may blame,
Because thou leau'st the Sacred Fount,
For Liquor of so base account.
Yet (I remember) euen the Prince
Of Poesie, with his pen (long since)
Ledde to a Fielde, the Mice and Frogges;
Others haue ball'd out bookes of Dogges:
Our diuine Maro spent much oyle
About a Gnat. One keeps a coyle
With a poore Flea (Naso, whose wit
Brought him by Phœbus side to sit.)
Since then these Rare-ones slack'd their strings,
From the hie-tuned acts of Kings
For notes so low, lesse is thy Blame,
For in their pardon stands thy Name.
Let's therefore lead our eyes astray,
And from our owne intended way,
Go backe to view thine Hostesse picture,
Whom thus thou draw'st in liuely colloure.

Skeltons

Skeltons tunning of *Elynor Rumming.*

TEll you I chill,
If that you will
A while be still,
Of a comely Iyll,
That dwelt on a hill,
But shee is not grill,
For shee is somwhat sage,
And well worne in age,
For her vilage
It would asswage
A mans Corage.
Her loathly leare
Is nothing eleare
But vgly of cheare.
Droopy and drowsy,
Scuruey and lowsy,
Her face all bowsy,
Comely crinckled,
Wonderfly wrinckled,
Like a roast Pigs eare
Bristled with heare.
Her lewd lippes twaine.
They Slauer men sayen,
Like a ropy rayne,
A gummy glayre:
Shee is vgly faire,
Her nose some-deale hooked
And camously crooked,

Neuer stopping,
But euer dropping
Her Skin loose and slacke,
Grayned like a Sacke,
With a crooked backe.
Her eyen gowndy,
Are full, vnsowndy,
For they are bleared,
And shee gray heared,
Jawed like a Jetty,
A man would haue pitty,
To see how shees gummed,
Fingerd and thumbed;
Gentlye Joynted,
Greased and annointed,
Vp to the knuckles,
The bones her buckles,
Together made fast,
Her youth is far past:
Footed like a Plane,
Legges like a Crane,
And yet shee will Jet,
Like a Jolly Set,
In her fur'd flocket
And gray russet rocket,
With Simper the cocket.
Her Huke of Lincolne greene,
It had beene hers I weene,
More than fortie yeare,
And so it doth appeare:
And the greene bare threds
Looke like Sere weedes,
Witthered like hay,

The

The wooll worne a way,
And yet I dare say,
Shee thinks her selfe gay
Upon the holliday,
When shee doth her array,
And girdeth in her getes,
Stitched & pruncked with pletes:
Her kirtle Brisow red,
With cloaths vppon her head,
That they wey a sowe of lead,
Writhen in a wonder wise,
After the Sarazens gise,
With a whim wham,
Knit with a trim tram,
Upon her braine pan
Like an Egiptian,
Capped about,
When shee goeth out,
Her selfe for to shew,
Shee draweth downe the dew,
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheeles,
Shee hobbles as shee goes,
With her blancket hose,
Her shoone smeard with tallow,
Greased vppon di t,
That daubeth the Skirt.

Primus Passus.

And this comely Dame,
I vnderstand her name
Is Elynor Rumming,
At home in her wonning:
And as men say

Shee

Pimlyco.

Shee dwelt in Sothray,
In a certen stede
Beside Lederhede,
Shee is a tomish gib,
The Deuill and shee be Sib.

I Ken and smilde, but at the last,
As toward the towne mine eye I cast,
In mingled troupes I might beholde
Women and men (some yong, some olde)
Like to a Spring-tide, strongly flowing
To Hogsdon, not one backward going.
Out of the Citty rush'd the streame,
A while (me thought) I did but dreame,
That I saw people, till at last,
Hogsdon ore-flowde, it swel'd so fast.
I musde that from the Citty venturde
Such heapes: for tho the Spring was enterde,
They flock'd not thus to heare the Tune
Of that bird who sings best in Iune,
(Yclip'd the Cuckoe) as yet her note
Shee had not perfect, but by rote:
Ne durst shee sing yet, being not able
In English, but in —— to gabble.
Nor was it like they made these throngs,
To heare the Nightingals sad songs,
For Lust (in these dayes) beares such price,
They are but mock'd that checke that Vice.
Still more and more this Sea brake in,
Yet ebb'd in one hylfe houre agen,
The Voyagers that first did Vaile,
(Hauing their Lading) homeward saile.
But with a side-winde were they driuen,
Yet all cast anchor in one Hauen.
Up went my sailes. With much adw,
In the same Port I anchorde tw.
Being landed there, all I could finde

Was

Was this, They came to hunt the Hinde.
Into their Parke I forthwith went,
Being entred, all the ayre was rent
With a most strange confused noyse,
That sounded nothing but mere boyce.
Amazde I stood to see a Crowd
Of Ciuill Throats stretch'd out so lowd:
(As at a New-play) all the Roomes
Did swarme with Gentiles mir'd with Groomes.
So that I truly thought, all These
Came to see Shore, or Pericles,
And that (to haue themselues well plac'd)
Thus brought they victualls (they fed so fast)
But then (agen me thought) This shoale
So wom thither for Bakers doale
Or Brewers, and that for their soules sakes,
They thus were serv'd with Ale and cakes:
For lugs of Ale came reeling in,
As if the Pots had drunkards bin.
A Tayler (that had narrow eyes
Through fumes that vp to his braines did rize)
Got I by th'arme, (children they say,
And Foles and Drunkerds, truth bewray)
Him therefore I desirde to show
Why all these met. —— Tis Pimlyco ——
My Friend, Tis Pimlyco (hee cryde)
And no worde could I get beside.
This made me madder then before,
I ask'd another, and hee swore
Zoundes —— I'me ten strong in Pimlyco ——
What's that saide I? —— stowr Pimlyco ——
And backe, at least three yardes hee reeles, ——
Pimlyco trips vp good mens heeles
(Lisping) he cryes, and downe he falls,
Yet for more Pimlyco —— still he calls.
What Pimlyco should meane I wondred,
Because so lowd that word still thundred
From all their throats through all their eares,

At length, a reuerend man (whose yeares
Had tourn'd his head and beard all gray,
And came but to beholde That Play,
And not to act himselfe The Vice)
Tolde all the Dronken Misteries.
And that the Ale got such high Fame,
Only by that fond, senceleſſe Name.
I laugh'd to see a World (so wise,
So subtile in all Villanies,
So scorning to be laugh'd to scorne)
Should be so drownde with Ale in Corne
Yet since in Hogsdon all ran mad,
I playde the Mad-man too, and had
My Iug brought in; a draught or twaine
Made such hot boyling in my braine,
That (faster then their Pots were filde)
From my Inuention were distilde
Verses in Pimlyco's high prayse,
Pimlyco crownde my head with bayes.
For straight I felt my selfe a Poet,
And (like some fooles) in Rime must show it.
Yet first I tournde o'er Skeltons Rimes
With those mad times to weigh our Times,
And try how Elynor Rummings Ale,
Was Brew'd; and Drawne, and set to Sale,
What Guests drunk there, and what Drinke heere,
In this wilde Lantskip shall appeare.

But to make vp my tale,
She brueth nappy Ale,
And maketh thereof poort sale,
To trauaylers, to tynkers,
To sweaters, to swinkers,
And all good Ale drinkers,
That will nothing spare,
But drinke till they stare,

And

And bring them selues bare,
With now a way the Ware,
And let vs slay care,
As wise as an hare.
Come who so will
To Elynor on the hill,
With fill the Cup fill,
And sit thereby still.
Early and late,
Thither commeth Kate,
Cisley and Sare,
With their legges bare,
And also their feet,
Hardly full vnsweet,
With their heeles dagged,
Their kirtles all to iagged,
Their smockes all to ragged,
With titters and tatters,
Bring dishes and platters,
With all their might running,
To Elynor Rumming,
To haue of her Cunning,
Shee leaueth them of the hame,
And thus beginneth the game.
Some wenches come vnbraced,
With their naked pappes,
That flippes and flappes,
It wigges and it wagges,
Like tawney saffron bagges,
A sort of fowle drabbes,
All scurup with scabbes,
Some be fly bitten,
Some skewd as a kitten,

Some with a shooe clowte,
Binde their heads about,
Some haue no haire lace,
Their lockes about their face,
Their tresses vntrust,
All ful of vnlust,
Some looke strawzy,
Some cawzy mawzy,
Full vntidy tegges,
Like rotten egges,
Such a lewd sort,
To Elinor resort,
From tyde to tyde;
Abide, abide,
And to you shalbe told,
How her Ale is sold,
To mawt and to molde.

Secundus Passus.

Some haue no mommey,
That thither commy,
For their Ale to pay,
That is a shrewd aray.
Elinour sweared, nay
Yee shall not beare away
My Ale for nought
By him that me bought.
With hey dog hay,
Haue these dogges away,
With get me a stake,
The swine eate my drake,
Strike the hogs with a club, (tub,
They haue drunke vp my swilling
For be there neuer so much prease,

These

These swine goe to the hye dese,
The sow with her pigges,
The Boze his taile wrigges
Against the hye bench,
With so, there is a stench,
Gather vp thou wench,
Seest thou not what is fall,
Take vp drit and all,
And beare out of the hall,
God giue it ill preuing,
Cleniy as euill cheuing.
But let vs turne playne,
There wee left agayne,
Foz as ill a patch as that,
The hennes run in the mash fat,
Foz they goe to rouft,
Strayt ouer the Ale iouft,
And dong when it comes
In the Ale tonnes,
Then Elinor taketh
The mash boll, and shaketh
The hennes dong away,
And skommeth it in a tray
Where as the Yest is,
With her maungy fistis:
And sometimes she blens,
The dong of her hennes
And the Ale together,
And saith Gossip come hither,
This Ale shall be thicker,
And floure the moze quicker,
Foz I may tell you,
I learned it of a Jew,

When I began to brew,
Drinke now while it is new.
And yee may it brooke,
It shall make you looke
Longer than you bee
Yeeres two or three.
For yee may proue it by me,
Behold she said, and see,
How bright I am of blee,
Ich am not cast away,
That can my husband say,
When wee kisse and play,
In lust and in liking,
He calleth me his whyting,
His Mulling, and his Nittine
His Nobbes and his Cunny,
His sweeting and his honny,
With basse my pretty bonny,
Thou art worth good and monny,
This make I my kalyre fanny,
Till that he dreame and dronny.
For after all our sport,
Than will hee ront and snort,
Then sweetly together we lye,
As two Pigges in a stye.
But we will turne playne,
Where we left agayne.

Tertius passus.

In stead of coyne and monny,
Some bring her a conny,
And some a pot with honny,
Some a salt, and some a spoone,
Some their hose, some their shoon.

Some

Pimlyco.

Some ran a good trot,
With a skillet or a pot, &c.

Cum multis alijs, quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

Hoc est Skeltonicum,
Incipit Pimlyconicum.

O Pimlyco now let vs sing,
Rich Pimlyco, the new-found Spring,
Where men and women both together,
To warme their vaines in frosty weather,
Where men and women hot bloods cole,
By drincking Pimlycoes boyled poole.
Strong Pimlyco, the nourishing foode
To make men fat, and bréd pure blood;
Deepe Pimlyco, the Well of Glee,
That drawes vp merry company.
Bewitching Pimlyco, that tyes
The Rich and Poore, the Foole and Wise,
All in one knot. Of that we write;
Inspire your Poet to indite,
You Barlie Muses Pimlyconian,
Ye scornes the Muses Helyconian;
(Poore Soulest) they none but water drincke,
But Pimlyco dropt into his yncke,
His lines shall flye with merry gale,
No Muse is like to Pimlyco Ale.
Not the neat Wine De Orleans;
Nor of Hebrian, (best in France;)
Not Gascoigne, nor the Burdeux Vine,
Nor that which flowes from swift sote Rhyne;
Not Sheerys Sacks, nor Charnico,
Peter Semine, nor Mallago,
Nor th'Amber-colored Candie grape,
Which drunckc with Egges makes men to—Ape.
Nor can the Greekish Vintage show

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Pimlyco.

A liquor matching Pimlyco.
Not Hipocras (the drinke of women,)
Nor Bastards (that are deere, but common,)
Nor the fat lecherous Alligant,
Whose Iuice repaires what Backes doe want.
Nor Waters drawne by Distillations,
With medcinable Operations,
As Rosa Solis, Aqua Vitæ,
And Nugs of Balme, so quicke, and sprightly;
No, nor the Irish Vsquebagh,
Of which, the Kerne whole pyntes will quaffe,
Strong Vsquebagh! that hotter burnes
Than Sackes, and white the Entrailes turnes.
Nor welsh Metheglyn, (browne as berry)
Lancashier Syder, Worstershier Perry,
Nor yet a draught of Darby Ale,
Nor mother Bunch, (long since growne stale,)
Nor that old two-peny Ale of Pynder,
That many a Porter oft did hinder
From carrying Burdens, for (alacke!)
The Ale had strength to breake his backe.
Nor all those Drinkes of Northren Climes,
Whose Brewings shall fill vp our Rimes,
Brant, Rensque, and the cleere Romayne,
The Belo, Crasno, and Patisane,
Pecua (to them as is our Beere,)
With spiced Meades (wholsome, but deere)
As Meade Obarne, and Meade Cherunck,
And the base Quasse by Pesants drunck.
With all the rest that whet the sprites
Of Russes and cold Muscouytes.
Not all these Drinkes, nor thousand moe,
Can reach the fame of Pimlyco.
To prowne (ô Pimlyco) these thine honors,
Armies each day spread Crimson banners,
And with hye Colours, and quicke shot,
Fight stiffy till the field be got.
All Sexes, all Degrees, all Nations,

All

Pimlyco.

All men of Arts or Occupations,
(As if for gayne to some great Fayre,)
Onely for Ale to the repayre.
The English, Scottish, Dutch and French,
Sit whiffling here upon one bench:
If but of Pimlyco they drinke hard,
Betwixt them falls not one foule word,
They kiffe like brothers, Dutch, French, Scot,
Are all One in a Pimlyco Pot.
Hither come Sergeants with their Maces,
Hither come Bailiffes with red faces,
Hither come Lads and greasie Lownes,
Hither come pockets full of Crownes,
Hither come those can scarce find Baile
For fire pence, yet spend eight in Ale.
Vsurers battle (here) their pence,
The Diuell can scarce keepe Brokers hence,
The Lawyer that in Terme-time takes
Fat fees, pleades here for Ale and Cakes.
Doctors, Proctors, Clarkes, Atturneis,
To Pimlyco make sweattie iourneis,
And (being well Arm'd with Buckram bags,)
Fight vnder Hogsdons skarlet flags.
The Winde our Merchants this way driues,
Whilst their men take vp for their wiues
Romes before hand: and oft it hits,
Not farre from them some Fish-wife sits.
For (here) of manners none take heed,
First come, first serv'd first serv'd, first seed.
Citizens, Souldiers, Sea-men, Schollers,
Gentlemen, Clownes, Millers, Colliers,
Mercers, Taylors, Poets, Booke-bynders,
Grocers, Curriers, Goldsmiths, goldfiners,
Silkemen, Botchets, Drapers, Dray-men,
Courtiers, Carters, Church-men, Lay-men,
Midwiues, Apple-wiues, Cheape-side Ladies,
Old Beldames, and yong Tiffany Babies,
Scotch-bums, red Waist-coats, fine Pawne-wenches,

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In the same romes, on selfe same benches,
Crown'd All together: All Drincke, All Pay,
Why then should any giue the way?
Romes here are by Reuersion got,
As Offices, so men win the Pot.
Both Pray and Pay, and wait, and inwe,
That Foure may buy, what goes for two,
Yet tis refusde. The Serton scornes
To budge to a Knight. All stay their Tourns
As at the Conduit for the Pill,
And nothing's heard, but Fill, Fill, Fill,
Bespeaking one anothers Cups.
As men do Chayres in Barbors shops
On Christmasse Eeues. A hundred laps
Yeld vp for rakes; As many caps
Put off for Ale, whose iuice embalmes
Their Browes) tis beg'd as t'were an almes,
Yet all hold Siluer vp, and cry
Take mine, (as at the Lottery.)
Drawers need not haule Anon, Anon,
Each Guest for his owne Drinck does run,
Braue men turne Tapsters, Women Caters,
For Ten that sit, there's Forty Waiters,
French-Hoods, and Veluet Caps being prowd
Sometimes, i'th Henroost close to crowd.
O strange! what makes the Cripple heere:
When strongest legs can hardly beare
Those that stand on them, if they stand
But stiffly tw't in Pimlyco Land:
Yet euen that Wretch, (that halts on wood)
Althoe fiue furlongs off it stood,
Sweares he'le lympe tw't, and tw't he goes,
And being there, his false legs does lose.
After him, gropes the Blind, and cries,
Pimlyco drincks out mine Eyes.
Pimlyco does so please the Mouth,
They come from East, West, North, South.
O Thou, (the Pimlyconian Host,)

Had thy Head bin but like that Post,
Which Scores what Ale and Cakes come in,
Of greater Reckoning hadst thou bin.
Hadst thou had Braines, but like to some,
To know what Wether was to come
By'th Almanacke; thou hadst changde thy lucke,
Thy Hynde ere this had prou'de a Bucke.
Alacke! thy wits are lost in *Brewings*;
Th'art growne starke mad with too good Doings
Thou, onely cryest, Who payes the Shot?
(When the Maine Matters are forgot.)
Thou Barmy Foole, at last grow wise,
Build thy House round with Galleries,
Like to a Play-house; for thy Ale
(Bée't bad, bée't good, bée't new, bee't Stale)
Brings thée good Audience: from each shore,
Ships of Fooles lanch, to sèke thy Dore;
Ere prodigall Gulls safle backe agen,
Thei'le pay thée money to come in:
Kéepe then, thy wife and thou, the dores,
Let those within wipe out the Scores.
Yet (O vile counsell!) why do I labour
To haue a Christian wrong his neighbour?
Each afternoone thy House being full,
Makes Fortune blind, or Gelds The Bull.
No, no, (thou Pimlyconian Brewer)
Thy Castle of Comfort stands so sure,
(Moated with Ale, and wal'd with cakes)
Tho whirle-winds blow, it neuer shakes;
Therefore it neds no reparations,
No Rampyres, no Fortifications,
But onely Shot: Charge them Pell Mell,
Let Pimlyco Ordinance go off well;
And Hogsdon sèemes a Towne of warre,
Where Constables the Captaines are,
Leading to Stocks (with Bils and Staues)
Whole troupes of drunken Whores and Knaues,
Who (tho they cannot stand) yet go,

Pimlyco.

Swearing, Zounds hey braue Pimlyco.
You therefore that do trade in Cans,
(Virginians, or Cracouians,)
You that in whole pots drinke your bane,
Lying dead-drunke at The Labor in vaine:
You Apron men, that weekely get
By your hard labour and your sweat,
Siluer (earn'd deare, but honestly)
Enough to find your Family,
Now leaue those places (nam'd before)
Or if you'le Drinke, maintaine a Score.
But let your Wages (in one Summe)
Be wisely sau'd till Sunday come,
But (with it) buy, nor bread, nor broth.
Nor house, nor hose, nor shoe, nor cloth,
For food let wife and children Die,
Sucke Pimlyco downe merrily,
There dance and spend the day in laughter,
T'is meat and drinke a whole weeke after.
You Ballad-Singers, that doe liue
On halfe penny almes that Ideots giue,
In euery Street (to drunken Rotes)
Set out your villanous yelping throates,
That through all eares your Tunes may flow,
With praises of Browne Pimlyco.
You Poets that of Helicon boast,
Whose mornings drought without a toast
You alwayes take, but ne're do so,
Comming to tipple Pimlyco,)
O be more wise, and scorne that liquor,
Drincke this, which makes your Muses quicker,
Of This, three full Pots (I assure yee)
Leaues you starke drunke with brauer furie.
You that plough up the salt Sea flood,
To fetch from farre, the Grapes deare blood.
And with Dut-landish drinks confound
And mad the Brayne that is most sound:
Your very Ships going neuer so steddy,

(With

(With that moist Freight) but euer giddy
And reeling (as an ominous Signe,
That Those must reele, who Trade in Wine,
From Shore to Shore what need you faile,
When Pimlyco breeds such Dragon-Fleet
You that of men deere reckenings make,
Yet at the Barre (for what they Take)
Arraigne them, Charging them to Stand,
Till they haue all held vp The Hand:
Downe with your Bushes, and your Grates,
Draw your selues thorow the Citie Gates,
To Sacke the Walls of Pimlyco,
Which day by day more strong do grow,
And will in time (to their owne Trench)
Drine backe both Spanish Wines and French:
Or if no Shot can batter downe
This Pimlyco Fort; then, in the Towne,
And in the fields and Common way,
Pitch Tents, and openly display
Your Banners (drawne with Red and White)
Under those collors Men will fight
Till they can stand, else All are lost,
And cut off by the Pimlyco Host,
Here therefore sound, Anon, Anon,
For the mayne Army here comes on.
O you that (euery Prone) hold Feasts,
(And in the True-loue-knot are Guests)
And doe with Wreathes your Temples crowne,
(At Lothbury, and at Horsey-downe,)
Let those Deare Fleshly-Meetings go,
And Bath your Braynes in Pimlyco.
You that by Enginous Wheeles can force
Tydes to run backe and turne their Course,
Whose wits in water still do Diue,
(O, if you wish that Trades should thriue,)
With lowd voice to the Citie speake,
That she her Conduit-Heads would breake,
And onely build One Conduite-Head.

Pimlyco.

At Pimlyco, that through pipes of Lead,
The pretious Streame may be conuayd,
And Crafts-men so at home be stayd.
You Bawds, you Vandars, Puncks and whores,
That are chalk'd vp on Ale-house scores,
You that lay Petticoats, Gownes, and Smocks
To pawne for drincks to cure the Pore,
At Pimlyco some will take them from you,
To drinke there then, shall best become you.
Of Aley-Ilands there are more,
(Some new discouered, some before)
But neither th'Old nor New of name,
Can equall Pimlyco in fame.
Of these strange Ilands, Malta is one,
Malta does Border close vpon
The Continent of Pimlyco,
And by her Streames more rich does grow,
On Pimlyco Seas when tis fowle weather,
That no Ship can get in; then hither,
(To Malta) flie they with swoine Saile,
To buy the Iew of Malta's Ale,
Thy Knights (O Malta) now do flourish,
Pimlyco their renowne does nourish,
All fealty therefore they do owe
And Seruice to guard Pimlyco.
Tripoly from the Turke was taken,
But Tripoly is againe forsaken;
What Newes from Tripoly? Would you know?
Christians flye thence to Pimlyco.
Eye-bright, (so'sam'd of late for Beere)
Although thy Name be numbred here,
Thine ancient Honors now runne low;
Thou art struck blind by Pimlyco.
The New-found Land, is now growen stale,
Few to Terceras Ilands sayle;
The once well-mand, brame Ship of Hull,
That spred a sayle, proud, stiffe, and full,
Leakes oft, and does at Anchor lye:

Nay,

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Pimlyco.

Nay, euen St. Christopher walkes dry.
Not halfe so many Christians (now)
Their knées before his White-crosse bow.
Run, (Red-cap) Run, amongst the Rest,
Thou art nam'd last, that once wert best,
But (Red-cap) now thy Wooll is worne,
By Pimlyco is Red-cap shorne.
Our weary Muse (here) leapes to Shore,
On these rough Seas she Sayles no more,
This Voyage made shé (for your sakes,)
Spending thus much in Ale and Cakes.

FINIS.

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ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. 1.)

Cobbes Prophecies,

1614.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

WITH A PREFACE BY

A. H. BULLEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.
1890.

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ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. I.)

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(No. I.)

Cobbes Propheries,

HIS SIGNES AND TOKENS, HIS MADRIGALLS, QUESTIONS, AND ANSWERES, WITH HIS SPIRITUALL LESSON, IN VERSE, RIME, AND PROSE.

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PREFACE.

JOHN DUNTON warned the readers of the *Rare Adventures of Don Kainophilus* that they would find the narrative "such a hodgpotch of stuff as would make a hermit tear his beard to hear of it." The description is not inapplicable to the drolling prophecies of Master Cobbe.

The preface is signed "Richard Rablet," who is evidently a fictitious personage. Mr. Bertram Dobell plausibly suggests that the author styled himself "Rablet" after François Rabelais, whose *Pantagrueline Prognostication* is familiar to everybody. It was not uncommon to issue these mock prognostications under assumed names. For instance, *Friar Bakons Prophesie*, published ten years before *Cobbes Prophecies*, purports to be by "William Terilo." *The Owles Almanacke*, 1618 (attributed without evidence to Dekker), bears on the title-page the name of "Mr. Jocundary Merrie-braines."

A mild Shakespearean interest attaches to *Cobbes Prophecies* from the resemblance that some of the

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pieces bear to the Fool's prophecy in *Lear* (III. 2); but the whimsical madrigals that follow the prophecies are the salt of our curious tract. The verses on the morrice-dance give a lively description of that old English merriment; they should be compared with the madrigal, in Thomas Morley's collection of 1594, beginning—"Ho! who comes there with bagpiping and drumming?" Richard Rablet was no puritan; he loved

> "a pot of good Ale
> And a merry old tale."

By the fire-side among his cronies in winter,

> "When a Cup of good Sacke,
> That hurts not the backe,
> will make the cheeks red as a Cherry,"

he would be ready with his jests and quips; and we may be sure that in summer-time he was a welcome guest at shearing-feasts and harvest-homes. His talk is occasionally somewhat free, but doubtless he was regarded as a privileged person. Besides, he has stores of admirable counsel. How delicately he warns impulsive maids to be chary of their favours at the feast of St. Valentine!—

> "When the Grasse doth spring,
> And the Birds gin to sing,
> take heed of St. Valentines day;
> Least while ye reioyce,
> In lighting on your choyce,
> ye make not ill worke before May."

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Honest mirth is what he advocated. Time, that blunts the lion's paws, will too soon dull the briskness of our lustiest springals. So let the younkers frisk it while they may. "Nunc levis est tractanda Venus," as gentle Tibullus urges. Does not Ovid remind us (though, sooth to say, the reminder is hardly needed) that crookt age comes with noiseless step, "Jam veniet tacito curva senecta pede"? Our cheerful moralist prescribes for old and young—

> "When a man is old,
> And the wether blowes cold,
> well fare a fire and a fur'd Gowne:
> But when he is young,
> And his blood new sprung,
> his sweete hart is worth half the Towne.
>
> When a Maid is faire,
> In her smocke and haire,
> who would not be glad to woe her?"

A graver note is struck in the poem, "When Youth and Beauty meet togither"; and "Cobs talke with Wisedome" affords matter for serious reflection. But, take it all in all, the book is mere drollery; a tale of a roasted horse, a riot of mad rhymes, a pleasant piece of tomfoolery.

1, Yelverton Villas, Twickenham,
25th June, 1890.

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COBBES PROPHECIES, HIS SIGNES AND TOKENS, his Madrigalls, Questions, and Answeres, *with his spirituall Lesson, in* Verse, Rime, and Prose.

Pleasant, and not vnprofitable.

Reade that will, Iudge that can, Like that list.

Printed at London for *Robert Wilson*, and are to be sold at his Shop at Grayes-Inne Gate.
1614.

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To the Reader.

Here was vpon a time an odde Country Riming Fellow, whose name was Cobbe: *where hee dwelt, I finde not; and what hee was, it skils not: Onely this I note of him, that it seemes by the Memoriall I haue of him, that he was in his time, as (no doubt are many now adaies) giuen to looke so farre aboue the Moone, that as falling through the Clouds, when he wak t, he knew not where he was: but strange thinges he had in his head, which he set downe as oddely in writing: where if you looke for verse, you are out; if for Rime, you are in: now, if you take delight in old idle Prophecies, strange Signes and Tokens, though they neuer come to passe, and to reade now and than of many a strange Madrigall, heere you may haue change to fit your choise; how they will fall fit with your humour I know not, and therefore this is all I will say to you. I know*

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To the Reader.

the Book Seller will ſay. What lack you, *and I ſay, I wiſh all may like you; ſo, till I ſee you, though I know you not when I meete you, to the Lord of heauen I leaue you.*

Your well willer as to all

honeſt Men.

Richard Rablet.

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COBBES' PROPHECIES, HIS MADRIGALS, SIGNES, AND TOKENS.

WHen fashions make mens Bodies,
And wits are rul'd by Noddies:
When Fooles grow rich by fortune,
And wise must fooles importune.
When Greyhounds must cry crauen,
And Mastiue Dogges must rauen:
When Faulcons stoope to carren,
And Poulcats spoile the warren.
The Sunne doth leaue his shining,
The Moone is in declining:
The Starres are ouer-shrouded,
The Sky is ouer clouded.
The Ayre is all infected,
The Plague yet not respected:
No Charity nor pitty,
In Country, nor in Citty.
The vertuous all disgraced,
The famous all defaced:
And rascall kinde of people,
Shall looke aboue Paules steeple:
When Nightingales are scorned,
And Cuckoes are adorned.
And Black-birds leaue their whistle,
And pearch vpon a Thistle:
And Oates are sowne and gathered,
And Children are strange fathered.

And

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And Swannes do loose their feathers,
While Geese fortell foule weathers:
When Horses tug at Cables,
While Asses keepe the Stables.
When Virgins waite on whoores,
And Knights keepe Beggars doores:
And Iackes like Knights shall let it,
Because their purses get it,
When Noble-minded Spirits,
Can haue no hope of Merits;
But either quite discarded,
Or slenderly rewarded:
When Owles, and Apes, and Asses,
Shall pranke themselues in Glasses.
While better kind of Creatures,
Of farre more dainty Natures,
Shall clad in cloath of lether,
To hold out winde and wether.
When Schollars mocke their Teachers,
And Lay men laugh at Preachers:
And woodcockes learne of wizards,
To play the doting dizards.
When foule flaps shall be painted,
And faire paps shall bee tainted,
And patience must content her,
That no man will lament her:
But all things topsie-turuy,
Do proue the world so scuruy,
That honest men abhorre it,
Why? then, who will care for it?
But, that no such ill season,
Where truth may dye by treason.

The

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The wicked foole may flourish,
While none the good will nourish:
Or Earth be seene or heard,
To make the world afeard:
Pray all good hearts with me,
That it may neuer be.

WHen lacke of grace turnes good to euill,
And men leaue God to serue the Deuill:
And young men follow imperfections,
And old men dote in ill affections.
When Beauty is a baite of sinning,
While wanton threds, make wicked spinning,
And wealth doth onely breede ambition,
When Nature shewes an ill condition.
And basenesse buyes the Badge of Honor,
VVhile VVisedome weepes to looke vpon her;
VVhen learning teacheth but illusion,
VVhere fancies study but confusion.
When power is seene but in oppression,
VVhile conscience makes no sinnes confession:
VVhen Lechery is Natures sollace,
And Robbery is Reasons purchace.
VVhen peace doth breede an ill security,
Where pleasure liues but in impurity:
When simple vertue is disdained,
And subtill vice is entertained:
If such a time should euer be,
That, I hope, neuer man shall see.
That so the wicked fiende should rage,
In euery course of euery age;

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That lack of Grace ſhould thinke it good,
To liue vpon the fruit of blood;
While Spirits careleſſe of ſaluation,
Will headlong runne vnto damnation:
Pray to the Lord of heauen to mend it,
Or in his mercy, quickly end it.

WHen Tradeſmen take no Mony,
Nor Varmin hunt a Cony:
Old Mumpſie is no Meacocke,
Nor his proud Minckes a Peacocke.
The Souldiour is not bloody,
His Oſteſſe is not muddy;
The Vſurer not greedy,
The rich releeue the needy:
The Courtier is not haughty,
His Courtizan not naughty.
The wantons leaue their winking,
The damned crew their drinking:
The Geeſe do leaue their grazing,
And idle eies their gazing:
Dame Parnell is no pratler,
Her paraſite no flatterer:
The Chapmen leaue their buying
And Sellers leaue their lying.
The Skipper leaues his ſayling,
The Oyſter-wiues their rayling;
The Farmer leaues his tillage,
The Begger leaues the village.
When Snudges leaue their ſparing:
And Coſeners leaue their ſharing:

When

When Theeues doe leaue their robbing,
And heauy harts their throbbing:
When proud men leaue their ſpighting,
And Poets leaue their byting:
When Children leaue their crying,
And old men leaue their dying;
Strange will be the alteration,
Or elſe, a conſummation.

WHen Ships doe ſaile againſt the winde,
And Nature goes againſt her kinde:
And tongues muſt ſay that blacke is white,
While mad men make a day of night:
When Reaſon muſt ſubſcribe to will,
To leaue the good and take the ill.
When Conſcience ſits and blowes the cole,
While Patience liues on pitties dole:
And Wiſedome ſhall be poore and bare,
While folly lights on Fortunes ſhare;
And learning doth but breake the braine,
While bare Experience gets the gaine:
And loue is plaid on follies Stage,
Twixt Youth, and Ages marriage.
And Auarice with ielous eies,
Doth liue in greefe, while pleaſure dies:
And man becomes but Monies Slaue,
While Vertue liues in Honors Graue;
When Nature thus doth change her courſe,
From good to bad, from ill to worſe.
And, hope of mendment will be ſmall,
When thus the Deuill workes in all:

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Prophecies.

If euer man ſhould liue to know
The wailefull time of ſo much woe:
As God forbid ſhould euer be,
That Eare ſhould heare, or Eye ſhould ſee:
Then harty prayers would do well,
For ſauing of the Soule from Hell.

WHen the Fiſherman drownes the Eele,
And the Hare bites the Huntſman by the heel:
When the Geeſe do driue the Foxe into his hole,
And the Thiſtle ouertops the May-pole.
The Hering is at warre with the Whale,
And the Drunkard forſweares a pot of Ale:
When the Lawyers plead all for pitty,
And conſcience is the Ruler of a Citty;
When the parſon will his Tithes forgoe,
And the Pariſh will pay him, will, or no.
When the Vſurer is weary of his gaine,
And the Farmer feedes the poore with his graine:
The Oyſter leaues gaping for the tide,
And Lob lolly will not daunce with his Bride.
When Prentizes had rather worke then play,
And Schollars cannot away with a holy-day:
When brabbles and quarrels all ceaſe,
And Armies yeelde their Armies to peace;
And peace ſuch a power hath won,
That Souldiers ſerue all with a Potgun.
When the Fletcher fals out with the Bolt,
And the wife muſt make curſie to a Dolt,
When the Night is brighter then the Day,
And the Cloudes driue the winde away.

When

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Prophecies.

When the Snow and the Froſt are fire hot,
And the Coſtermongers Apples will not rot:
When the Aſſe ſhall make Muſique to the Owle,
And the Slut will not weare her cloaths foule.
When the Ship ſhall throw away her ſaile,
And the Dogge ſhall leaue wagging of his taile;
And the Rabbets ſhall runne through the Hey,
And the Varmin makes the Warriner runne away:
When the Cat is afraid of the Mouſe,
And the Beggar will walke without a Louſe.
When Connies doe Caſtles vndermine,
And Lords muſt waite while Lobcockes dine:
And rich men weepe, and Beggars ſing,
And euery Knaue will be a King.
Vntill the Gallowes, or the Whip,
Doe take a Villaine in a Trip:
When all things thus doe come to paſſe,
That by an Oxe, and by an Aſſe;
The queſtion ſhall decided be,
Why Dogges and Cats cannot agree.
When Mowles and Wormes do looke abroad,
And Snakes doe combat with the Toade:
The Fleyes will not abide the ſheetes,
Nor idle people walke the ſtreetes,
When thus the world doth come about
Within the courſe of *Colin Clout*:
Which neuer man I hope ſhall ſee,
God knowes what then the world will be.

WHen the Winter to Summer turneth,
The Fire cooles, and the water burneth;

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Prophecies.

When the Fly puts the Eagle to her flight,
And the day holds a Candle to the night:
When the trees bend downe to the bushes,
And the Owle driues the Nightingale to hushes:
When the Hare fals to play with the Hound,
And the Worme scornes to creepe into the ground;
When the Aspe with the Wolfe makes a fray,
And the Mouse makes the Cat runne away.
When the Owle teacheth the Parrat to speake,
And the Goose makes the Gander to keake:
When the Market Crosse is without Corne,
And not a house will yeeld a man a horne.
When the Clouds commaund the winde to be still,
And the Valley will ouertop the hill:
When the Storke is afraid of the Frog,
And the Cur runs away from the Hog.
When the Beggars will leaue the high way,
And wantons will giue ouer play;
When a Moris-dance is without a foole,
And a foole be without a Ladle and a toole:
When rich wares will be at low rate,
And a Citty will runne out at the Gate:
The Sailer cannot away with a merry gale,
And the Constable is afraid of a pot of Ale.
When the Goose is mistaken for the Swan,
And the Goodwife knowes not her good Man;
If the world were come to such a change,
The alteration would be very strange:
But rather then all should go so amisse,
Better be content with it, as it is.

When

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Prophecies.

VVHen the day and the night do meete,
And the houſes are euen with the ſtreete:
And the fire and the water agree,
And blinde men haue power to ſee:
When the Wolfe and the Lambe liue togither,
And the blaſted trees will not wither.
When the flood and the ebbe runne one way,
And the Sunne and the Moone are at a ſtay;
When Age and Youth are all one,
And the Miller creepes through the Mill-ſtone:
When the Ram butts the Butcher on the head,
And the liuing are buried with the dead.
VVhen the Cobler doth worke without his eends,
And the Cutpurſe, and the Hangman are friends:
Strange things will then be to ſee,
But I thinke it will neuer be.

VVHen the wind is alwaies in one place,
All Horſes are of one Race:
And all Men are in one caſe.

When all words haue but one ſence,
All Caſes are in one tence;
And all Purſes haue but one expence.

VVhen all hands do ſit one Gloue,
All harts haue but one Loue:
And all Birds be but one Doue.

VVhen all wit is in one head,
And all Corne makes but one bread;
And all eaſe is in one bed.

VVhen

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Prophecies.

When all Truth is in one hart,
And all Knowledge is in one art,
And all Diuisions are in one part.

When all ſport is in one play,
When all feaſts are in one day:
And all States are at one ſtay.

When all faces haue but one feature,
And all Spirits are of one Nature;
And all worth is in one Creature.

Such wonders will be then to ſee,
As out of doubt will neuer be.

WHen there is nothing but ſorrow and care,
And the fieldes are all barren and bare;
And the Beggers haue a miſerable ſhare.

When the Markets are horrible deere,
There is nothing to drinke, but ſmall beere:
And the rich men keepe beggerly cheere.

When the Children are bawling and crying,
And old folkes are ſwearing and lying:
And ſicke folkes are ſighing and dying.

When Baiard is downe in the mire,
And the fat is all in the fire:
When loue hath loſt his deſire.

When Maiſters do fall into rages,

And

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And Seruants are vnpaid their wages;
And all their best clothes are in gages.

If euer it should come about,
To put the Cockes eies cleane out:
And then hope to reuell and rout.

Which I hope neuer to see,
But where all faire Gamsters be;
Good fellowes will kindly agree.

God knowes, for I cannot tell,
Who then goes to Heauen or to Hell.

VVHen Preachers haue louing Auditors,
And Borrowers haue kind Creditors:
When Sutors petitions haue comfortable reading,
And *Forma pauperis* hath a fauourable pleading.
VVhen loue is the whole rule of life,
And the Good man loues none but his owne wife,
VVhen there is no spleene, nor any spight,
But euery one keepes his owne right:
VVhen all is as plaine as the high-way,
And all goes by yea, and by nay.
And one man so well loues another,
That there is no false Sister nor Brother,
No facing, frowning, nor fighting,
But one in another delighting;
No oddes twixt the Groome and the Bride,
No enuy, nor mallice, nor pride.
No punishment, but for offences,

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No care, but all for expences.
No time ſpent, but all buſineſſe,
Nor ſleeping, but all in heauineſſe:
No iarring, but all in ieſting,
No friendſhip, but all in feaſting.
No lawing, brabling, nor bribing,
No kind of ſcoffing, nor gibing;
No painting of ill fauored faces,
Nor ſeeking of true loues diſgraces:
No tale, but well worth the telling,
Nor ſauour, but well worth the ſmelling.
No Act, but well worth the doing,
No Wench, but well worth the woing;
If ſuch a time were happily come,
To proue this true in all, or ſome;
Who would not ioy in hart to ſee,
And pray it might ſo euer be.

WHen toies and trifles ſtand for treaſure,
And pain miſtaken ſtands for pleaſure:
When luſt miſtaken is for loue,
A Iack-daw for a Turtle-doue.
When Craft is taine for Honeſty,
Hypocriſie, for Piety;
And babling held for eloquence,
And baſeneſſe ſtands for excellence:
When truth ſhall be eſteem'd a ieſt,
And he thats rich, is onely bleſt.
While all the vertues of the mind,
Do all go whirling downe the wind.
And braine ſpun thred ſhall be eſteemd,
And Wiſedome little worth be deemd:

And

And flatterers shall stand for friends,
To bring but fooles to idle ends:
When nothing shall be well begun,
But croft, or spoild ere it be done.
And euery where the bad for good,
Shall be too much misvnderstood;
While wilfull folly should reioyce,
In making of a wicked choyce:
And true discretion grieue to see,
In what a case the cursed be.
If such a time was neuer such,
Should come to cursse the world so much:
As God forbid it should be so,
That Man should so much sorrow know;
That Deuils so should play their parts,
Then vp to Heauen with honest harts.

WHen seuen Geese follow one Swan,
And seuen Cats licke in one pan:
When seuen Iack-dawes follow one Crow,
And seuen Archers shoot in one Bow.
When seuen Citties make but one State,
And seuen houses haue but one Gate:
When seuen Armies make but one Campe,
And seuen States haue but one stamp:
When seuen Schollers haue but one gown,
And seuen Lordships, make but one towne.
When seuen Swagrers haue but one Punck,
And seuen trauallers haue but one truncke.
When seuen Horses saddle one Mare,
And seuen Pedlers haue but one packe of ware:

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Prophecies.

When ſeuen Hackney Men haue but one Iade,
And ſeuen Cutlers haue but one Blade;
When ſeuen Butcl .rs haue but one ſtaule,
And ſeuen Coblers, haue but one aule:
When ſeuen riuers haue but one Fiſh,
And ſeuen Tables haue but one Diſh.
When ſeuen Lawyers plead but one caſe,
And ſeuen Painters worke vpon one face:
When ſenen Ditties haue but one Note,
And ſeuen Fidlers haue but one Grote.
When ſeuen Guls haue but one throat,
And ſeuen Truls, haue but one peticoat;
If by the number thus of ſeuen,
The one doe make the odde full euen:
That, in the ſence of the conceit,
The ſeuen to one doe make vp eight.
It ſeemes not ſtrange yet vnto me
Tis ſtrange, now eeuen and odde agree:
Yet when it fals, tis no deceit,
That ſeuen and one doe make vp eight.

VVHen the Hen crowes,
Then the Cocke knowes
what worke muſt be done,
And when the wind blowes,
Then the Sailer knowes
what courſe muſt be runne.

When the Mill goes,
Then the Miller knowes
what Fiſh are a flote:

And

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And when the tide flowes,
Then the Water-man knowes,
what to doe with his Boate.

When the Grasse growes.
Then the Mower knowes,
what to do with his Sithe:
And when the Farmer sowes,
Then the Parson knowes
he shall haue a Tithe.

When the Buckes take the Does,
Then the Warriner knowes,
there are Rabbets in breeding:
And when the Bag showes,
Then the Milke maid knowes
the Cow hath good feeding.

WHen the day peepeth,
And the Husbandman sleepeth,
he looseth the gaine of the morning;
But when the Ducke quaketh,
And *Sim* his *Susan* waketh,
take heed of working for horning.

When the Bell ringeth,
And Robin-redbrest singeth,
vp maids and make cleane your Dairy;
But if ye lye and stretch ye,
Vntill the lazy catch ye,
take heed that ye meete not the Fairy.

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Madrigals.

When the Cow loweth,
And Cocke-a-doodle croweth,
vp maids and put on your raiment:
For if ye keepe your beds
Till ye looſe your maiden heads,
take heed of a forty weeks paiment.

But when the Starre ſhooteth,
And the Owle hooteth,
to bed then and take your eaſe:
But when ye would reſt,
Take heed in your neſt,
ye find not worſe varmin then fleas.

When the Dogge howleth,
And your Dame ſcowleth,
then wenches take heed of foule weather:
But when the Mouſe peepeth,
And your Dame ſleepeth,
then laugh and be merry togither.

When the Watch walketh,
And at the doore talketh,
Lads and Guirles, looke to your doores;
Then to bed roundly,
And ſleepe there as ſoundly,
as if ye were all knaues and whores.

WHen a man is old,
And the wether blowes cold,
well fare a fire and a fur'd Gowne:

But

But when he is young,
And his blood new ſprung,
his ſweete hart is worth halfe the Towne.

When a Maid is faire,
In her ſmocke and haire,
who would not be glad to woe her:
But when ſhe goes to bed,
To looſe her maiden-head,
how kindly her Good-man goes to her

When the Graſſe doth ſpring,
And the Birds gin to ſing,
take heed of St. Valentines day;
Leaſt while ye reioyce,
In lighting on your choyce,
ye make not ill worke before May.

When the Sunnes ſhines bright,
And the Day is light,
then Shepheards abroad with your flocks:
But if the Heyfer play,
And the Heard be away,
take heed the Bull prooue not an Oxe.

When the Corne is ripe,
And the Straw makes a pipe,
then to it with the Sithe and the Sickle:
But when ye make the ſtacke,
If ye lye on your backe,
take heed how ye laugh till ye tickle.

When

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Madrigals.

When the Apples fall,
And the Patridges call,
Then Farmers haue home with your Corne:
Bnt when ye make your Mowes,
Take heed to your Cowes,
they beare not a ſheafe on a horne.

When the trees doe bud,
And the Kids chew the cud,
then fall to your digging and ſowing:
But if your ſeede be nought,
Or your worke be ill wrought;
then blame not the ground for ill growing.

When the Sunne is downe,
And the Gueſts come to towne,
long trauailers lightly are weary.
But if mine Oſte be a good fellow,
And mine Oſteſſe be not yellow;
who then would not laugh and be merry.

IN the month of May,
Is a pretty play,
is called youths wooing;
But long it will not laſt,
For when that May is paſt,
there will be no doing.

For loue is ſo quicke,
He ſtands on a pricke,
that likes no delaying:

For

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Madrigals.

For idle excuſes,
Are but loues abuſes,
that marre all the Maying.

The ſquint of an eye,
May oft looke awry,
in fancies new faſhion:
But winke and ſhake the head,
And the colour once dead,
there is the true paſſion.

When the eye reedeth,
How the hart bleedeth,
in ſilence true teares:
Then eaſily may the mind,
If that it be not blind,
ſee what the ſpirit beares.

For paſſions ſtaid lookes,
Are Truths only books,
where kindneſſe beſt reedeth;
The time and the place,
In beauties beſt grace,
how loue euer ſpeedeth.

VVHen the time of the yeare,
Doth cal for good cheere,
why ſhould we not laugh and be merry;
When a Cup of good Sacke,
That hurts not the backe,
will make the cheeks red as a Cherry.

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Madrigals.

When the thred is all ſpun,
And the worke is all done,
  why ſhould not the work-folkes go play:
When a pot of good Ale,
And a merry old tale,
  would paſſe the time ſmoothly away.

When the Medowes are growne,
And the Graſſe abroad throwne,
  for ſhame giue the wench a green gowne;
But when the Harueſt is in,
And the Bread in the Bin,
  then, Piper play laugh and lye downe.

When my Dame fals to Bake
A Pudding and a Cake,
  will make cheare in Bowles;
But when the Oyle of Malt,
Makes the heeles for to halt,
  take heed of your lop heauy Nowles.

IN the olde time,
When an odde-pumpe rime,
  would haue made a Dog laugh:
And the Oſteſſe of the Swan,
Would ſwinge her good Man,
  with a good quarter ſtaffe.

When more then a good many,
Had nine Egges a penny,
  and Corne was ſixe pence a ſtrike;

Then

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Then true blinde deuotion,
Brought ſuch to promotion,
As neuer I hope will be like.

When the Cat kild the Mouſe,
And the Dog kept the houſe,
and all was wholeſome and cleanely;
And *Iohn* and his *Ioane*,
Did liue of their owne,
full merily, though but all meanely.

When Beefe, Bread and Beere,
Was honeſt mens cheere,
and welcome and ſpare not:
And the Man kiſt the Maid,
And was not affraid,
come who will I care not.

When right ſhould haue reaſon,
In time, place and ſeaſon,
and Truth was beleeued;
When theſe things did go thus,
Which Truth doth not ſhow vs,
then Charity flouriſht:
When loue and good Nature
In euery Creature,
a kind Spirit nouriſht.

But if that it were ſo,
As many do feare no,
that ſome were ſore blinded;

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What euer the cauſe was,
Tis now at another paſſe,
men are otherwiſe minded.

For ſuch as haue prooued,
What is to be loued,
will euer be heedfull:
That nothing be wanting,
Though ſomewhat be ſcanting,
to comfort the needfull.

And therefore no matter,
How ere fooles do flatter,
their wits with their will;
I wiſh the time preſent,
In all true contentment,
to ſtay with vs ſtill.

IF the day were as long as the yeare,
And the Goſſips were making good cheere,
they would thinke the time were but ſhort:
But if they fall to brawling and ſcolding,
And the Beggars be at the vpholding,
oh there would be delicate ſport.

If the Apples were once in the fire,
Each Goſſip had her pot by her,
and euery one to her tale:
And the Wife that went once for a maid,
Would tell what trickes ſhe had plaid,
oh there would be worke for whole ſale.

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Madrigals.

If the Wine once did worke in the braine,
And the Wenches were right in the vaine,
then talke of the reckoning to morrow;
Let Husbands take care for their wiues,
And Goſſips make much of their liues,
they are fooles that will dye for ſorrow.

IT was my hap of late by chance,
oh pretty chance;
To meet a Country Moris-dance,
oh pretty dance.
When cheefeſt of them all the foole,
oh pretty foole:
Plaied with a Ladle and a toole,
oh pretty toole:
When euery Younker ſhak't his Bels,
oh pretty Bels;
Till ſweating feete, gaue fohing ſmels,
oh fohing ſmels.
And fine Maide-Marian with her ſmoile,
oh pretty ſmoile:
Shew'd how a Raſcall plaid the Roile,
oh pretty Roile.
But when the Hobby-horſe did wihy,
oh pretty wihy;
Then all the Wenches gaue a tihy,
oh pretty tihy.
But when they gan to ſhake their Boxe,
oh pretty Boxe:
And not a Gooſe could catch a Foxe,
oh pretty Foxe.

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Signes and Tokens.

The Piper then put vp his pipes,
oh pretty pipes;
And allthe Woodcoks lookt like Snipes,
oh pretty Snipes.
And therewith fell a ſhowry ſtreame,
oh pretty ſtreame:
That I awakt out of my dreame,
oh ſcuruy dreame.

Signes and Tokens.

WHen Charing-Croſſe and Pauls Church meet,
And breake their faſt in Friday ſtreet:
When Ware and Waltham goe to Kent
Togither, there to purchaſe Rent.
When Iſlington and Lambeth ioyne,
To make a voyage to the Groine:
And Southwarke with St. Katherines gree,
To ride in poſt to Couentry:
When Turmele-ſtreet and Clarken-well,
Haue ſent all Bawdes and Whores to Hell:
And Long-ditch, and Long-laue do try,
Antiquities for honeſty;
And Newgate weepes, and Bridewell greeues,
For want of Beggars, Whores, and Theeues.
And Tyburne doth to Wapping ſweare,
Shall neuer more come Hang-man there:
When blinde men ſee, and dumbe men read,
Which ſeemes impoſſible indeed.
And by all rules that I can ſee,
I thinke in truth will neuer be.

Then

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Madrigals.

Then, then ye may ſay then,
Knaues now will be honeſt men.

VVHen Youth and Beauty meet togither,
theres worke for Breath;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for Death.

When Loue and Honor worke togither,
theres worke for Fame;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for ſhame.

When Hope and Labour go togither,
theres worke for gaine,
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for paine.

When Wit and Vertue worke togither,
their work goes well;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for Hell.

Let then perfections liue togither,
and worke for praiſe.
For when their worke begins to wither,
their worth decaies.

IF all Rules of Phiſicke,
Had onely help for the Tiſicke;
And all Chirurgeries ground,
Were for the healing of one wound.

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And all kind of preaching,
Were but for one Parish teaching,
And all kind of diet,
To keepe one tongue in quiet.
And all kind of pleasures,
Were but for one mans treasures;
And all kind of learning,
Were for one points discerning;
And all kind of disputing,
Were for one points confuting.
And all kind of writing,
Were for one mans delighting:
If there should be such a season,
All so to go against reason;
Which I thinke neuer to see,
Let them that know thinke what will be,
WHen the Rich are all agreed,
On the purses of the poore to feede:
And the wise men finde out fooles Lands,
To get them all into their hands.
And Wenches haue tricks with their eies,
To catch men, as Candles do Flies:
And Swagrers make the high-way,
The cheefest part of their stay.
When Bawds and Whores study the Art,
To scape the Whip and the Cart;
And Cut-purses all take their oathes,
To keepe the Hang-man in cloathes.
When thus the Deuill doth lurke,
To fall with the world to his worke:
Which would be a great sorrow to see,
Pray, that it may neuer be.

Questi-

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Qu. WHy *should a rich man become a Theefe?*
An. Because the sweete of gaine ouercomes his (sence.
Que. Why should any man want Mony?
An. Because some spend it faster then they can get it.
Que. Why are old folkes in loue?
An. Because ease breeds idlenesse.
Que. Why is Tobacco in such esteeme?
An. Because it dries vp Rheume, and spends drinke.
Que. Why do so many people vse gaming?
An. Because they want wit for better exercise
Que. Why is a Cuckold patient?
An. Because of profit or feare.
Que. Why are men iealous of their wiues?
An. Because they are Fooles.
Que. Why are offenders punisht?
An. To keepe the Subiects in peace.
Que. Why are Gallants flattered?
An. For a Fooles pride, and a Knaues profit.
Que. Why do Children cry?
An. Because they know not what they would haue.
Que. Why doe Beggars skold?
An. Because they are commonly drunke.
Que. Why doe Apes counterfeit men?
An. Because men counterfeit Apes.
Que. Why are Lawes ordained?
An. To giue euery man his right.
Qu. Why are their such delaies in their execution?
An. Because there are so many causes to dispatch.
Que. What makes wares deere in the world?
An. The multitude of people,

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Questions and Answers.

Qu. *And what makes cheapnesse?*
An. Aboundance.
Qu. *Where is the best dwelling in the world?*
An. In a mans owne house.
Qu. *And where is the best being for all men?*
An. In Heauen.
Qu. *What is of most esteeme in the world?*
An. Mony.
Qu. *What is the least cared for of a great many?*
An. Conscience.
Qu. *Why is honesty with many held a Iest?*
A. Because there are so few honest in earnest.
Qu. *Which is the best ground to plant on?*
An. That which is a mans owne.
Qu. *Why should Beggars liue without labour?*
An. Because their Mony comes in easily.
Qu. *Why do Gamsters fall out so oft?*
An. Because losse breeds impatience.
Qu. *Why are rich men most sickly?*
An. Because they take to much ease.
Qu. *What is the best Phisicke for all Natures?*
An. Motion.
Qu. *When is best taking Phisicke?*
An. When one is sicke.
Qu. *What sicknesse is most dangerous?*
An. The Plague.
Qu. *What most vnsightly?*
An. The Poxe.
Qu. *What most continuing?*
An. The Ague.
Qu. *What most incurable?*

An.

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An. The Gout.
Qu. *What most painefull?*
An. The Tooth-ach.
Qu. *What most common?*
An. The Rheume.
Qu. *What is ill for the eye-sight?*
An. An Enemy.
Qu. *What is good for it?*
An. Gold.
Qu. *What is the fruit of Learning?*
An. Pride, pleasure, or profit.
Qu. *What is the honor of the Law?*
An. Iustice.
Qu. *What is the Glory of the Law?*
An. Mercy.
Qu. *And what is the force of the Law?*
An. Obedience.
Qu. *VVhat makes Lawyers rich?*
An. Contentions of Clients.
Qu. *What makes Magistrates honorable?*
An. Execution of Iustice.
Qu. *What is the poore mans happinesse?*
An. Patience.
Qu. *And what is the wise mans wealth*
An. Content.
Qu. *VVhy are faire women most loued?*
An. Because mens eies marre their wits.
Qu. *VVhy do wise men keepe Fooles?*
An. To exercise their Charity.
Qu. *VVhy are Diuines most worthy Reuerence?*
An. Because they are the mouths of God vnto his (people.
Qu. *VVhy are so many Sects in Religion?*

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An. Because the Deuil sowes sedition in the Church.

Que. Why do many befoole themselues with Idolatry?

A. Because blindnes in deuotiõ breeds indiscretion.

Que. Why should wise men be vndone by suretiship?

An. Because their loue exceeds their wits.

Qu. Why are men vndone by women?

An. Because they had rather be slaues then free-men.

Que. Why do many Louers grow franticke?

An. Because they seek that which is hard to be found.

Que. Why do mad men talke so much?

A. Because their tongues wag with the wind of their (braine.

Que. Why are honest harts most crossed?

An. To try their patienee.

Qu:. When are the patient most happy?

An. At the houre of Death:

Que. What is the greatest feare in the world?

An. To dye.

Que. What is the greatest greefe?

An. Want.

Que. Why do Phisitions die?

An. Because Death is to cunning for them.

Que. Why doe men cry out vpon Fortune?

An. To excuse their follies.

Que. Why do Labourers sing?

An. For the hope of their wages.

Que. Why do wise men take thoughts?

An. Because their wits are oppressed.

Que. Why are fooles full of Mony?

An. Because tis their baby to play withall.

Que. Why do Misers build faire houses?

An. To mocke Beggars.

Que. Why doe Beggars loue their drinking?

An.

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Cobs talke with Wisedome.

An. Because it is an exercise of Idlenesse.
Que. Why do Scolds loue scolding?
An. Because it is their naturall Musique.
Que. Why do not Theeues feare hanging?
An. Because it is so easie a punishment.
Que. Why doe not the wicked feare God?
An. Because they are to great with the Deuill.
Que. Why are the vertuous most happy.
An. Because their ioyes are in heauen.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

COme Wisedome, let me speake with thee
a word or two,
Some blessed Lesson reade to me
what I shall do:
What saist thou? First, that Christ his Crosse
must be my speede:
My labour else would be but losse,
what ere I reade.
With Alpha then I must begin
to finde a friend:
To lead me from the way of sinne
to comforts end;
And in Omega reade the last
of all my loue,
Wherein my soule all sorrow past,
her ioy may proue:
I must not sinne, I cannot chuse,
ah wo is me,
To take the ill and good refuse,
through want of thee.

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Cobs talke with Wisedome.

In Youth I scorned thine aduice,
now I am old,
I hold thy counsaile in more price
then purest Gold:
Thou readst me patience, I confesse
it easeth paine,
But little hope yet of redresse,
thereby I gaine:
Thou readst me penitence for sinne,
with sorrowes smart,
Oh there the sorrow doth begin
that wounds my hart.
Thou readst me hope to heale my wound.
with sorrowes teares;
But conscience makes my hart to swound,
with sorrowes feares:
Thou readst me Faith, to hold my Hope
on Mercies Grace,
But when that Faith the gate would ope,
feare hides my face.
Thou readst me loue, the line of life
that leades to blisse;
But hatefull sinne hath wrought the strife,
where no loue is.
Thou readst me Truth yet in the word,
that failes no trust:
But it doth onely Grace affoord
vnto the iust.
Thou readst me Mercy, yet will heale
the wounded hart:
To Mercy then let me appeale,
to cure my smart.

And

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Cobs talke with Wisedome.

And with true faithfull penitence,
to sorrow so;
That Hope with happy patience,
to Heauen may go:
And there with Ioy at Mercies gate
receiue that Grace,
Where neuer Soule that thou dost hate,
may haue a place.

FINIS

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